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LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.

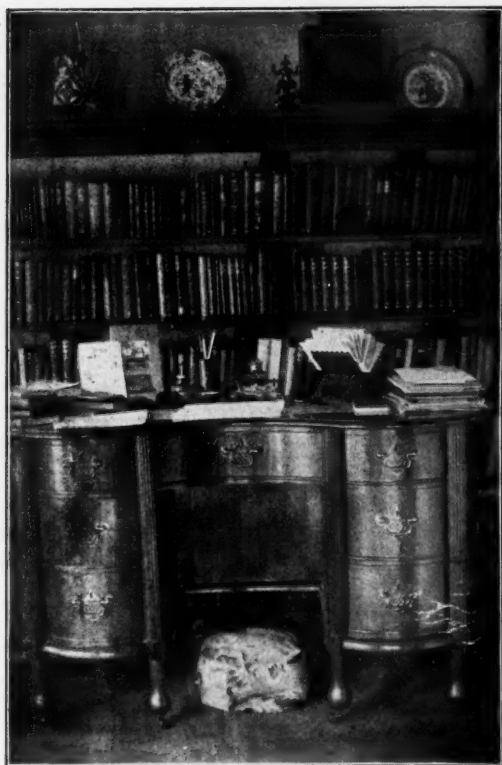
Let us all help one another
And a heart of kindness show,
As down time's flowing river
In the boat of life we row.
For, though rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast,
If we only pull together
We can brave the storm at last.

Let us all help one another
In misfortune's wintry day,
And be kinder still as ever
Earth's best gifts are snatched away.
When bright fortune gilds the morrow,
Hollow hearts will fawn and cling,
But when comes the night of sorrow
Only true hearts comfort bring.

Let us all help one another
And do good where'er we can;
Who withholds the hand of kindness
Scarce deserves the name of man.
For the one great law of nature,
Which was meant mankind to bless,
Bids us help a fellow creature
When we find him in distress.

—Selected.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.



✂ A SUMMER school for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies is a delightful idea, if a new one. It is to be held at Northfield, July 11-19, under the auspices of the Interdenominational Conference of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions for the United States and Canada. Many noted instructors, speakers, and missionaries will be present. The program presents a feast of good things; among them, a Bible Study Class, conducted by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D. D.; a training class for leaders of missionary meetings; study of methods, including work with children; and the study of the subject of the coming year, "Dux Christus: An Outline Study of Japan," presented by inspiring leaders. Those who wish to prepare their missionary

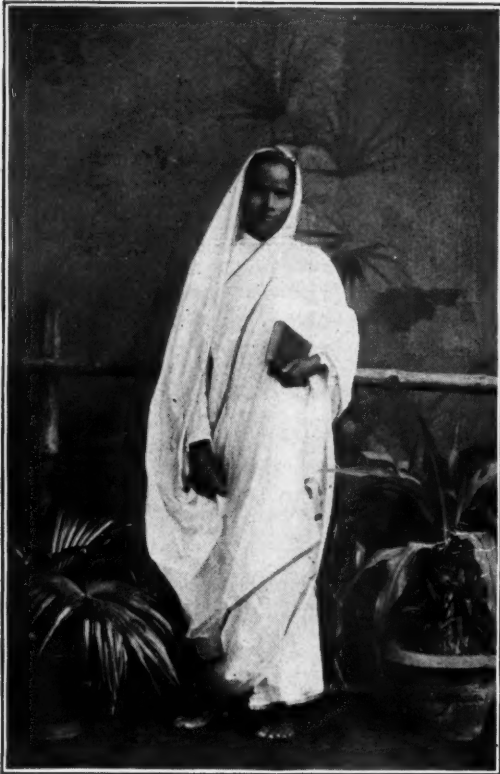
calendars early will note the subject. The text-book is written by Dr. William Elliot Griffis. . . . Please note the program for the Woman's Convention at Ocean Park, in August, on fourth page of cover. We are particularly happy in having our missionary, Miss Coombs, with us this year; Miss Ellen Stone will tell the thrilling story of her captivity in Macedonia; and Mrs. Barney, the well known W. C. T. U. worker, will speak on "The Modern Macedonian Cry." Later in the month, other missionaries, Revs. Hamlen, Wyman, and Stiles, will speak at the Park, so we look forward to a season of missionary enthusiasm. . . . A kind friend in India has sent me some booklets printed in that country. I cannot read a word, and I do not even know what is "right side up," but they are very interesting and I return hearty thanks. . . . An Indian lady said to a zenana worker, whom she was delighted to welcome back, "You come so *coldly* to us, and we feel so *cold* towards you!" Anything cool in that hot country is the nicest thing in the world. It is all in the point of view! Many a person in this country—homeless, perhaps, or hungry or sad—thinks that sunshine is the nicest

thing in the world, either directly from heaven or reflected through the Sunshine Society. This month we give considerable space to this beautiful work. It is always a pleasure to hear from the president-general of the International Sunshine Society, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, in whose brain the idea originated; the interesting article on "The Day Nursery" is written by Mrs. Furman, president of the Southern New York State Division of the I. S. S.; and the report of the work of the HELPER Branch is of especial and personal interest as written by our president, Mrs. Lord. A member of our Branch who lives in the South, and who has borne the pain of physical limitations for years, writes: "Dear Mrs. Lord, how I love her! She writes me such sweet letters. I believe that all her Sunshine family love her. I was so glad to have her picture in the HELPER. I am indebted to our magazine for my acquaintance, because I joined the HELPER Branch of the I. S. S." Through the courtesy of a member, *Sunshine Bulletin*, the organ of the International Society, comes regularly to the editor's desk. It is cheery, entertaining, suggestive, helpful, as such a magazine ought to be, and keeps the members in touch with the wide work. Over one hundred thousand individual members have been enrolled. May the membership of the HELPER Branch continue also to increase; our magazine be more widely circulated through this winsome medium; our president be blessed, more and more, in her work; and that India fund, mentioned in Treasurer's Notes, grow until it fully supports a child or a teacher in India. . . . A beautiful booklet is soon to be issued, entitled "Story of the Sinclairs." It will be printed on rich, heavy paper, with blue and gold cover, tied with silk cord. The price will be ten cents. It is published under the auspices of the F. B. W. M. S. by a fund donated for that purpose, and the proceeds will be used for the work of the society. Let us return thanks for the story of these helpful lives, for the attractive form in which it appears, and especially for the generous gift which makes it possible. . . . Does not mission work seem more than ever worth while when we read of such faithful native workers as "Rutnie"? She is the Bible woman supported by the auxiliary of Badger, Ind. . . . You recall Dr. Mary Bacher's interesting description of a visit to a Turkish harem, and will enjoy her later experience in Jerusalem. She wrote: "Some of the party went home after this visit, but some of us went with Miss Hussey to an Abyssinian church not far away. The Abyssinians claim to be descendants of the Queen of Sheba, by King Solomon. The church did not differ very much from some of the other churches we saw in Palestine; it was round, with a high central dome, and under it a place screened off by a high screen which we could not see through. There were crude paintings all around, representing Bible scenes and subjects. One thing we saw here, which interested us not a little, was a large silver drum, sent to this church by the Queen of Abyssinia. We asked what the inscription on it meant, and were told that it meant that she wanted the worshipers to pray for her whenever they heard the drum beat."

BIBLE WOMEN.

In many respects the Bible woman is one of the most significant exhibitions of the power of the gospel to uplift and develop that the history of Christianity can show.—*Mrs. T. M. McNair.*

RUTNIE SING.



MISS BARNES writes: "It gives me much pleasure to send you my faithful Rutnie's photograph which was taken when she went with me to Calcutta. It is very good indeed. She is worthy of having her picture sent to America. Such a help and comfort she has been here at Sinclair Orphanage, besides doing her Bible work. She has her Oriya New Testament in her hand.

"'Rutnie Mousie' is what the children in Sinclair Orphanage and others call her, or Aunt Rutnie. Her name means precious stone, jewel, gem, and in many ways she is a jewel. I have been so closely connected with her for nearly eight years that we have become well acquainted. Like every one of us she has some failings, but God has taught

her many lessons which have greatly beautified her character. She is sensible and kind and very helpful, and believes that kindness to the sick is one of the first duties of a Christian, and is always ready to do what she can. She loves her Bible and her work as a Bible woman very much. Many good preachers do not excel her in telling the Bible stories and teaching the spiritual lessons from them. Over and over again have I heard her tell them to both large and small companies of her heathen sisters, and always with much freshness and earnestness. One of the proofs that God has used her in this work is, that when they become ill or are nearing the end of this life, they have sent for her to tell them more about the way of eternal life,—even those who are supposed to be 'pucca' or orthodox Hindus. Pray for her and all Bible women in India, that they may be used more and more; and that God will make them very earnest and faithful in this beautiful work for their countrywomen."

HOW THEY TRAVEL.

Miss Coombs writes: "You ask how I travel when going with the Bible women. I have a cart or carriage (which we call a 'garrie'), drawn by oxen (which we call 'bullocks'), having four wheels on springs and so constructed as to be made into a bed at night and so we can sit up in it in the daytime. We used to go all the way to Contai in this,—sixty miles and more; but now the new railway takes us to the turning off road (which is called 'Contai Road Station'), about thirty-five miles from Contai. So I sent my garrie ahead, to this turn, and waited a day to go by train to meet it there. My Bible women went in their two-wheeled bullock garrie some days before, as they were to work along the way in villages through which they passed. From this turn we went on together, stopping the first night in a bungalow for travelers and going on the next day to another, twelve or fourteen miles farther on, where we had our noon meal and rested till towards evening and then went on through the night till we reached Contai not long before morning. While there I used the large middle room of the mission bungalow (one corner of it screened off) and the Bible women had their bedding and boxes in another corner. We do this wherever we go, for I stop in some Government bungalow, which I get by paying a small rent, and they cook and eat in an out-house for that purpose, but sleep in the bungalow with me.

"The greater part of our work when off on such trips as these might be called 'personal work.' We get a chance to sit on somebody's veranda and sing and explain the meaning of the hymn, then read either some tract or from the New Testament and ask them questions and they question us, so that we get in closer touch with individuals than when in some market where there are hundreds, some of whom we draw about us by singing, and then 'preach.' We do this latter, sometimes, but we like the veranda talks much better. Sometimes we are invited inside the house, where we get still nearer the women."

VISITING THE ZENANAS.

Miss Barnes sends the following clipping from an Indian paper, with the comment, "I can say 'Amen' to the last lines. In every mission there should be some one to especially work with and train the Bible women."

"Among the most interesting reports which reach the Bible House are those concerned with the work of the Bible women, who visit the zenanas and instruct the women and girls of the families concerning the Scriptures.

"Let the following illustrations show the eagerness with which these Bible women are received. In many cases, indeed, their visits form the only bright spots in the lives of women whose lot is often a very sad and very gloomy one. 'During one of the recent Hindu Poojah days,' says a lady superintendent, 'I did

not send my Bible woman, thinking the Hindu household would be too much engaged to receive her. What was my delight on going the next week to hear a woman say: "The Bible woman did not come last week. I waited all day for her, and when she did not come how sorry I was to find that I should have to wait another week without hearing the words of God." But I said: "Would you not have been too busy with your Poojah?" "No," she answered. "What is our Poojah? But the words of your Book are good."

"One of the Bible women employed in Ranchi is quite blind. She belongs to the aboriginal tribe of the Uraons or Kurukhs, and has been taught to read. She is led through the streets of Ranchi by her mother, and the people eagerly press about her asking her to read to them. She frequently receives invitations from native gentlemen to visit the purdah nashin ladies of their zenanas, who are curious to hear and see a blind woman reading. In addition to work in Ranchi she visits the women of her own tribe, and explains to them in their own mother tongue what she has read in Hindi.

"Many of the reports bear witness to the conviction possessed by the pupils of the Bible women of the truth of the Gospel and the falsity of Hinduism; but very few indeed have the courage to sever home ties and personal friendships for the sake of Christ, and so they remain secret believers. As the call for extension of Bible work becomes more insistent, corresponding care needs to be taken that the women chosen for the work should be specially fitted by instruction and training for this most important work. Lady superintendents are realizing this increasingly, and one has voiced the opinion of all when she says: 'We consider that the pressing need at present is far more intelligently trained and more truly spiritual Bible women.'

CHINESE WOMEN.

BY MRS. MARY A. DAVIS.

THE status of woman, outside of Christianity, is indicated by the opportunity given her for development. Christianity bids a man to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. Confucianism requires a man to cleave to his father and mother and compel his wife to do the same. A Chinese bride on her wedding day is often young, very timid, and naturally terror-stricken when thrust among strangers. Sometimes it is allowable for any one who chooses, to turn back the curtain of her conveyance and stare at her. Unmarried girls often find keen enjoyment standing in convenient places and throwing handfuls of hayseed and chaff upon her, which will, for a long time, adhere to her well-oiled hair. The object in view in the marriage of a girl is to get rid of her support. When a daughter is once married she is no longer the daughter of her father's house, but

the daughter-in-law of some other house. She is regarded as the servant of the whole family. Indifference to her suffering is a marked characteristic of her treatment. She is under the control of her mother-in-law, and if abused, her own family friends can only remonstrate and exact an expensive funeral if she is driven to suicide. Suicides of young wives are exceedingly frequent. An instance is authoritatively given, in which a woman severely burned, with incense-sticks, a girl who was being reared as a wife for her son, roasted her cheeks with red-hot pincers, and then threw boiling water upon her until she died from the effects of this cruelty.

Women in China have little freedom of action. Until a wife is the mother of a son she has no authority in her own home. It is claimed she has neither mind nor soul. Two popular Chinese proverbs are: "Man is the principal object of creation, woman merely a 'side-issue'"; "Woman is molded out of faults." Wives and children are often sold, especially in years of famine.

If a child sickens it receives at first medical aid and attention according to the means and ability of the parent. If remedies fail and the child seems about to die, it is placed without clothing on the floor just inside the outer door. If it survives it is their child. If it dies it is none of theirs, was never theirs, and is thrown into the street. In Peking a large covered cart passes every morning gathering the bodies of these little unfortunates, some of which have been partially devoured by dogs. They are thrown in a pile outside the city walls, and then covered with quicklime.

No husband would willingly appear in public with his wife. If he is obliged to escort her she must walk well in front as a sign of her inferior position. She is by no means to be known outside her own house, and must not be seen in it by male visitors. The poorer classes are kept busy cooking, spinning, weaving, and sewing; the richer, with embroidery, gossip, and gambling. They are capable and possessed of a natural dignity, but have been schooled in humiliation by being constantly taught their inferiority.

Probably nine-tenths of the women of China have submitted to and are suffering from the cruel torture of foot-binding. This custom undoubtedly originated in the royal harem. Cause unknown. By some it was said to conceal a natural deformity; by others, that a royal favorite danced so gracefully before her master that he named her delicate feet "Golden Lilies," saying, "Every step she takes she causes a lily to grow." So firmly is this custom rooted that a desire for "Golden Lilies" captivates the imagination of the child of even five or six years. At this time, or often as late as twelve years of age, the end of a bandage, two inches wide, of cloth woven for that special purpose, is placed by the mother's hand inside the instep, then carried firmly over the foot, bending

all of the toes except the large one under the sole of the foot, then wound again and again and securely fastened. Each day the bandage is tightened until the bones give way, making the instep concave instead of convex, and after the most excruciating agony the foot is sufficiently small for the shoe designed. Forever after, she is a maimed, crippled, suffering woman. The advocates of this custom claim that it tends to make women more docile. If they were educated and had natural feet they would go about, do nothing, become independent and ungovernable. Under present conditions they are unloved and sorrowing. Against this cruel custom Christianity has been waging a single-handed warfare. Mrs. Shie, of the Central China Mission, tells the following story: "When my first daughter was born, her father knelt by my bedside and together we consecrated the little one to the Lord, and registered a vow that her feet should never be bound. In 1895 that daughter, the first native girl in Central China who was allowed to go with feet unbound, stood upon the platform at the commencement of Michigan University and received her medical diploma, and returning to her native city established there, with her comrade Ida Kahn, a hospital for Chinese women. These two girls were among the Christian pioneers in medical work for their sex in their native land.

The pioneer anti-foot-binding society was formed in Amoy in 1874. Several joined it. Some opposed it. Information was circulated, and now its membership is more than one thousand, and public opinion in the churches is opposed to the practice. Knowledge of the success of the organization spread to other places and now there is a vigorous crusade by the missionaries of various denominations, accomplishing much against this evil which an imperial edict could not control.

In 1894 all China within the limits of missionary influence seemed to be aroused upon this question, and many important steps were taken to secure its banishment from the Empire. Many schools were opened where foot-binding was not permitted.

In one city eighty women, several of whom were wives of high rank, met and formed an anti-foot-binding society. Fifty of the number pledged themselves to unbind their own feet, and never bind the feet of their daughters. They also decided to raise the money among themselves to open a girls' school. This was quite remarkable as these women were not Christians.

Native ideas upon the rights and privileges of Christian Chinese women have greatly changed. Many heathen parents try to obtain Christian husbands for their daughters, because of their reputation for love and kindness to their wives.

The kindergarten is having a potent influence in the right direction. There as implanted the idea that the little brother, whose will is law at home, must sometimes yield to the rights of a sister, and that she is just as precious in God's sight is the manly little fellow that sits by her side. Such seed planted and nurtured in

the mind of a child is not easily dislodged, and will bring forth a desirable harvest.

The age of Christian womanhood has begun in China, but the relative proportion of women now under its influence in that vast population is exceedingly small.

SHINING FACES.

SOME one has recently asked, "Have you never met the beautiful surprises of the street — met a man or woman who had the Ten Commandments written on the face?" The inner light may be so strong within us, that it shines forth to illumine other souls.

Unconscious witnesses for Jesus! What a blessed ministry! A young lady missionary in Japan was traveling by steamer from one seaport to another in the Island Kingdom. On the same boat was a Japanese merchant, so worried and depressed by business reverses that he was seriously contemplating suicide. He saw the foreign lady quietly watching the beautiful view with such an expression of peace and absolute satisfaction on her face, that he could not refrain from looking at her again and again.

She was a stranger, but he knew she must be one of the American Christian missionaries. His own restless, burdened heart cried out for the inner calm which could so stamp its impress upon the countenance. It was a miracle beyond his ken.

Could it be something in her religion which so transfigured her face? In his distress and desperation, he felt that he must know. He ventured to address her, and his profound respect was evident in both his words and manner. He unburdened his heart, and asked if she could give him the secret of the wonderful peace which told its own sweet story to those who looked upon her face. From the depths of wretchedness he appealed to her for help and light.

The God-given opportunity was gladly welcomed. It was a rare privilege to tell this suffering soul of Jesus and his redemption, and the forgiveness of sin which alone can bring with it the "peace which passeth all understanding." Because of the joy and gladness shining out through her face, there was given into her hands that day the blessed privilege of leading this storm-tossed soul into the peaceful haven.

Rev. F. B. Meyer is another of the "illumined" servants of the King. Dr. Parker of London once made a characteristic allusion to this fact. He said:—

"Here is my friend, Mr. Meyer. He always has a new scheme—the sweetest and brightest thing ever seen in the market-place. He calls upon me before nine o'clock in the morning, having risen a great while before then, and he always gets younger and younger. He is to me a most welcome visitor; he brings a benediction with him—a better air than earth's poor murky climate; and he never leaves me without the impression that I have been face to face with a man of God."

Very like to this is the following description of another saint-soul, who also illumined old England with his presence. A clergyman writes:—

"Many years ago, in company with several ministers, I spent a morning with Rev. W. Pennefather, of Mildmay Park. After breakfast, he read a portion of Scripture in a manner so devout that the guests not only listened but looked, for the pure soul of the man of God was shining in his face. It was a face one

could never forget. Naturally of a hard, stern type, now the hardness was changed, and he had a beautiful, softened, saintly face. As we sat around the table, fastening our eyes upon him, we saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

"Afterwards I was not surprised to hear of a little boy who one day ran home from school, and joyfully rushed to his mother to tell her he had seen Mr. Pennefather. 'And what did he say to you, my lad?' she asked. 'Oh, he said nothing, but he beamed on me,' cried the delighted child."

An infidel Swiss artist was devoting every talent to the service of Satan. In Sheffield, England, he was asked to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting. This was a commission quite to his taste. He went to the assemblage, and studied the faces of the people engaged in the holy work of uplifting the fallen. With a heart in his bosom that could not rest, tormented day and night with a conscience not yet seared, he looked on this company, set apart by their devotion to a perishing humanity, and saw everywhere shining faces on which rested a deep, abiding peace. The sight intensified his unrest into agonizing conviction of sin. This became the turning-point in his life.

A young girl often met an old Quaker lady as she went to and fro upon the street cars. The wrinkled face grew upon her irresistibly. One day, a sudden impulse caused her to address the quaint old soul, saying, "Won't you let me kiss you?" "Yes, dear, certainly," came the sweet response.

This was the beginning of a beautiful, sanctified friendship. One day, the young lady inquired of the older one: "Weren't you surprised, that time in the car, when I asked you to let me kiss you?" "Oh, no, dear," was the unexpected reply, "people often ask me that." The soul-sweetness and light shining in the withered face called forth swift response from other pure, receptive souls.

A Hindu trader in India once said to a native Christian, "What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?" With surprise the other answered, "I don't put anything on." "You may expect me to believe that if you like, but what do you put on?" "Nothing," answered the Christian, "I don't put anything on."

By this time the heathen interrogator had well-nigh lost his patience, and he said with considerable emphasis:—

"Yes, you do. All you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra, and I have seen it in Ahmedabad and Surat, and I have seen it in Bombay."

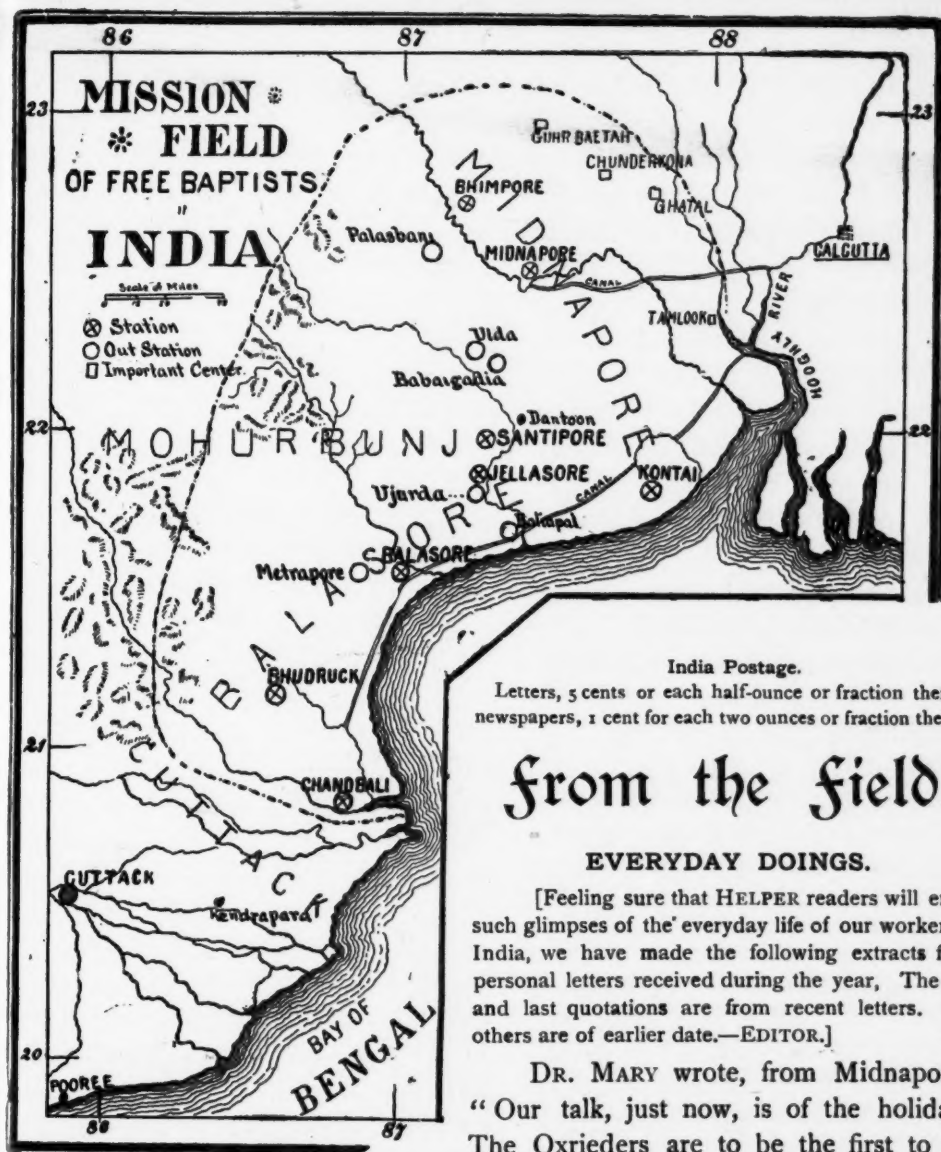
Then the believer in Jesus understood, and his glowing face shone all the more, as he said, "Yes, I'll tell you the secret; it is happiness of heart."

It is a remarkable fact, attested by missionaries to China, that there is such a difference between the faces of the native Christians and those of the heathen, that it is impossible to mistake the two. That is the reason the Boxers murdered so many helpless converts. The "face-mark" could not be hidden.

Do our faces shine as do these faces of souls just rescued from heathenism? If we are Christ's indeed, the Christ-light should shine in and through us, a glory to be seen and read of all men. Let us carry with us

"The look of one who bears away
Glad tidings from the hills of day!"

—*Sophie Bronson Titterington, in American Messenger.*



from the field.

EVERYDAY DOINGS.

[Feeling sure that *HELPER* readers will enjoy such glimpses of the everyday life of our workers in India, we have made the following extracts from personal letters received during the year. The first and last quotations are from recent letters. The others are of earlier date.—EDITOR.]

DR. MARY wrote, from Midnapore:
"Our talk, just now, is of the holidays.
The Oxrieders are to be the first to go,

leaving to-morrow for a fortnight at Chandipore. I am so glad that we have this means of recreation; that it is so near and so accessible, and that it agrees so well with so many of the missionaries. The bathing is quite different from that at Ocean Park in the icy waters of the Atlantic. It is almost as much for the breeze as for the bathing that we like Chandipore. The wind blows nearly all the time, and sometimes blows very hard, so that the thatched roofs have to be tied on, or the straw would be in danger of being blown away. There is a nice pipe well, sunk by the missionaries, which is in no danger of being filled up by the drifting sands, but can easily be kept in order. The water is excellent,

though the well is so near the sea that you would think it would be brackish. I am planning to go down for a fortnight, to be with the Loughers, and I have been counting the weeks for some time and saying, when it has been unusually hot, that I could bear it with fair grace, as there would be an end to it in a very little time. Do you wonder how hot it is? The day temperature (in April) is from ninety to ninety-six degrees, going down in the evening to eighty-eight, and during the night to eighty-four, or possibly to even eighty. Several weeks of this sort of weather begins to wear.

"The Murphys and the Oxrieders have practiced sleeping on the flat roof, for some time, and the former induced me to try it, so they fixed a little tent for me and I climb a precarious stairway every night and sleep under the stars. The air is very good, and it is much cooler than down below. I usually like it very much, but last night the wind blew so hard that it flapped the tent and shook the bed, so that it was a long time before I got settled down for the night. The movable ridgepole fell down across the bed and I got up and tied it to the bed frame, and then, as I was going to sleep, something began to walk over me. I killed one and it seemed like a little ant, and there were others, and then more others. I killed several before I gave in sufficiently to get up and make a hunt. I brushed out the bed and got in again, hoping I would sleep now, but alas! the creatures kept walking till after two o'clock, when I gave up and came down stairs and made a bed for myself, and succeeded in going to sleep at last. . . .

"I will not try to tell you how we rejoiced at the good news the remittance brought us. [Extra money for Henderson Home.] The work has been going rather rapidly, I thought, for work in India, and now it will receive a fresh impetus, and we shall soon be comfortably housed. I wish I could explain, so you could realize it, how well we are going to like the 'Henderson Home,' on many accounts. I contend, though Miss Butts always disputes me, that we have as pretty a sitting-room as there is in the mission. It is not expensively furnished, but some of the things are good, and they are arranged nicely. Miss Butts always has some plants in from the veranda, and I think that is always an addition, and makes a room look pretty. I think she pots her plants with some reference to having them in the house. The prettiest of all are, fortunately, the most hardy and easy to grow, and she has several of them, all doing well. My favorites are the cheerful little pink begonia, that grows into a nice plant if you put down a branch, and water it. And she has some fine coleus, too, though none of the handsome kinds, that are so delicate, and would hardly outlive the hot weather. Then she has several plants with large, long green leaves, covered with white spots. We do not know the name. It is a hardy plant and easily cultivated. She has the plants on the wide north veranda, and takes them in as they are

wanted for the sitting-room. Vina left her writing table, which is not an unhand-some piece of furniture, and on it are some open shelves of books. We have some pretty pictures on the walls, for our friends during the years have been kind to us in this, and there is the dear little organ that my sister Maria gave me, and which gives us music when I go over early for dinner or breakfast, and have to wait for it. Helen Cole Duffield gave me an excellent picture of herself in her reading gown, and that stands on the organ. She had it framed for me, in a white frame with a white mat."

Miss Coombs wrote of last Fourth of July in Midnapore: "You spoke of celebrations the world over, like Christmas, Easter, etc., but Fourth of July is our own special celebration. This year we went to the 'Gope,' the one hill in all the country round, where we often go for a runaway. We used to do it oftener when our older missionaries were here. Mr. Murphy pitched his tent in case of showers. He and Mr. Oxrieder took their cornets, and we housekeepers took the eatables, tablecloths, etc. We used the steps of the old ruin there for our table and arranged ourselves artistically, only regretting there was no 'man with a camera.' Somebody, some time, has indulged in the extravagance of an ice cream freezer, which has fallen into the hands of Mrs. Murphy, and this was brought along to be utilized in honor of the great occasion. But—didn't I have a time to get that ice! Ice is brought from Calcutta by train, and it was to have been here in time to be taken along with the other things, but it hadn't come when the time came to start; so, as I had some special work on hand, I went later and was to see if it came on the train arriving about the time I would be going.

"As I neared the station I saw the train was just in, and thought very likely the ice proprietor would have trundled his box of ice off already; but, fortunately, although he had started for his shop with it, he came the road I was going, so I halted him and demanded the ice we had ordered some time before. He wanted to go on to his shop, away off down street, which would make me very late to the Gope, so I insisted on his getting into the box somehow, right there, and letting me have what we had ordered. So he went into a house by the way and borrowed an ax and a crowbar and pried open the box, broke off a big lump, and I took it in a thick bag and was off to the picnic.

"That ice cream was delicious! When one has a thing about once a year he learns how to appreciate it. After we got home that evening, Mr. Murphy had fire-works for Roland's benefit and the children of the Christian community."

Some of our readers wish to hear more of the dark side of life in India. There is surely a very dark side to write about. One of our missionaries says: "Ah, me! little need of planning for old age in a country like this, I fancy. The wonder is we live as long as we do. I think a special angel must be sent to

guard us from plague, cholera, snake bite, smallpox, poisons in the air and in our food. The lanes I go through on my way to work, the reeking filthy gutters, the dirty, dirty houses ! Talk of microbes and germs, we must take them in by the myriads every day ! It is a mystery how these people live, in violence of every principle of hygiene ! . . . We have some very crooked sticks among our church members, and we come in such close contact with them—know their ins and outs, their weaknesses and failures so much—that I'm afraid we fail to give them credit for what advancement they do make. We have some splendid specimens, however. They are a comfort. I could give you histories of cases which come up for discipline which would show 'the other side,' but I doubt if it would be profitable. I fear our friends at home would fail to remember we have to deal with persons so lately out of heathenism, and would judge them by home standards which have been reached after centuries of Christian teaching and training."

In January, Dr. Mary wrote : "Yesterday morning there was a pretty collection of nice plants on the veranda—Wandering Jew, coleus, crotons, ferns, etc. The girls' schools were coming up for their Christmas exercises and to receive their annual school bags, with the usual contents, so the veranda had to be cleared, and mats spread for the children. The plants were arranged on the steps and along the sides, and really made quite a show. But, unfortunately, the excitement of the occasion and other things incidental made us quite forget that the plants ought to be brought in behind the protecting wire screen which surrounds the veranda, and when, a little later, we went out to care for them, the goats had been having a fine time eating off the best and prettiest. We have no protection against them and so we are at their mercy. They do us all the damage they can and their owners do not care ; indeed, I think they rather congratulate their goats on having secured so toothsome a meal !"

Mrs. Burkholder writes from Balasore : "If our people could only know more about the real condition of things over here, I feel sure they would do more. I was asked to continue my work in the Boys' Orphanage, so I have a family of sixty to look after. Ever since coming here, I have keenly felt the need of teaching the boys some kind of industry by which they can earn an honest living, after leaving school. We now have carpentry, book-binding, sewing, gardening, rope-making, besides housework. What we need is a good industrial school with a man at the head who can give the most of his time to it. We cannot expect that a large portion of these boys will ever be preachers, teachers, or pleaders, but they can be good Christian men who can earn an honest living with their hands. One of our young men, brought up in this orphanage, has gone to America with Miss Coombs, at his own expense. He wishes to learn

leather work, and return to this country to teach it to others. I am hoping he may be the man to take charge of such a school if we are able to start one. I hope you will pray for this important department of work. Thus far I have not drawn upon mission funds for the work, but carry it on as best I can."

AT ATHENS AND EPHEBUS.

[Extracts from a journal letter from Miss Phillips, written while on her way to India via the Holy Land.]

ATHENS, GREECE, Oct. 24, 1903.

ON Sunday morning, several of us went to a Greek church. For the first time in my life, so far as I remember, I found a congregation in which the men outnumbered the women, probably three to one. The only seats were a single row of funny little pens against the wall for the women — oh, no, I did see a few chairs. Nearly everybody was standing, and even to the very corner they stood facing the one way, face almost against the wall. Two priests were present, with robes richly embroidered in gold, one of which was a made garment with sleeves, the other a sort of cloth fastened over the shoulders, with a Greek cross between the shoulders. The one with the made garment seemed to be chief, and intoned a long service in a loud, high key that I should think would have tired his throat dreadfully. The responses were either intoned or sung by a choir of men and boys, and when they sang they made music. Really, I don't think I ever heard richer music in my life. It was *fine*. Priests and all faced in the same direction, toward a large double, open door, or rather the door was in the middle of the wall they faced. After a time, the priest went through it—into the holy place, I imagined — preceded by two little acolytes (I guess) carrying lighted candles about as tall as themselves and bigger than their arms. They came back through a side door that took them through the women's aisle. One of them carried a book, presumably a Bible, elaborately bound in silver; held it up for the other to kiss, then kissed it himself, intonings going on all the time. In the back part of the "meetin'" a traffic in wax tapers was going on. One and another came in, paid for one or more; they were lighted and set up in a big frame with sockets for them. As fast as space was needed for more tapers, these were taken out, extinguished, and thrown into a basket as having had their day. They had queer silver pictures of saints, etc.—a sort of bas-relief, only the face and hands are always cut out and a *pictured* face and hands show through the openings. The people seemed reverent and attentive; the shabbily dressed stood side by side with the well dressed. There was a great deal of crossing themselves, etc. I didn't see any very striking difference between them and Romanists, although I believe they claim to be very different.

The next day we took an early cup of coffee, a big lunch, and the train for Ephesus. It is a three hours' ride to the little town of Assonlook, which is one and one-half to two miles from the ruined city. On the train we passed a station called "Paradise," and another called "Deviliken." "

Arrived at Assonlook, Mr. Allen got a cooly to carry our lunch baskets, and we started to walk to Ephesus. There were ruins in abundance, some of them beautiful Corinthian capitals, many Greek inscriptions, broken columns galore, ruins of what seemed to have been paved streets bordered with beautiful monoliths, the Agora (market-place) with marble seats ; but the chief interest centered in the ruined theater in which the crowd, set on by Demetrius, yelled, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," for two hours. The stage seems to have been entirely marble ; at least, its supports are all marble columns. The amphitheater is a national one, and, like almost all the ancient ones, open to the sky. I gave Mr. Allen my Testament and he read Acts 19, as we sat in the theater.

For many years no trace could be found of the Temple of Diana, but quite recently, perhaps twenty years ago, an Englishman, Mr. Wood, found traces of a road leading from Ephesus to Assonlook, and following it up, he exhumed unmistakable remains of the great temple within a few rods of the latter place. It was not well cleared up, however, and the ruins are much overgrown with weeds and brambles. It was not easy to realize as we sat and listened to those words of the town clerk that they had been uttered right there to a howling mob, and that all this ground had been familiar to the greatest of the apostles.

HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

"THE other week," says a missionary, "whilst visiting a city near Canton, a brother missionary gave us a sad example of inhumanity among the Chinese there. The evening before our visit a little girl had fallen into the canal in front of his hospital. There were boats all about, and one would have expected to see some effort made to rescue the child. On the contrary, one and all looked on quite unconcerned. Not only so, but when the little one's father came on the scene and implored them to rescue her, they demanded first of all how much he would give them for doing so. He mentioned a sum which, however, they were not satisfied with, and while they were further debating the terms the child sank and was drowned."—*Evangelical Christendom*.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the Board of Managers of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society will be held Tuesday, July 12, 1904, at ten o'clock A. M., at Curtis Home, Ocean Park, Me.

ALICE M. METCALF, *Rec. Sec.*

TREASURER'S NOTES.

NEW auxiliaries: East Rochester, N. H.; East Raymond, Me.; Essex St. church, Bangor, Me.

One of the things we have to be thankful for this month are the new auxiliaries. Let us pray for more of them.

What a busy month May has been! May 8th I was in Auburn, Me., at a thank-offering service in the Court St. church. There is no auxiliary in this church, but I was kindly welcomed by pastor and people. Rev. Mr. Gilkey, the pastor, is much interested in all denominational matters, and wants to see the General Conference and F. B. Woman's Missionary Society more closely affiliated. This reminds me that Rev. H. M. Ford, field secretary, sent me a delightful letter recently, in which he said some things along this line that I wish every one could read. Tuesday, May 10, I went to Concord, N. H., to attend the meeting of Merrimack Valley Association, taking a part in a service where Rev. Mr. Eastman, State agent, represented State work, Rev. Mr. Wyman the foreign field, Rev. Mr. Avery the *Morning Star*, and your treasurer the Woman's Missionary Society. I wish such a program could be carried out in other associations and quarterly meetings. Thence I went to the Massachusetts Association at Somerville, Mass. There was a large gathering, and the work of the Association and of the woman's society received enthusiastic attention. The treasurer of the society, Mrs. Butterfield, was obliged to resign, as she will soon leave the State, and Mrs. A. E. Kenyon, 528 Chelmsford St., Lowell, Mass., has succeeded her. Thursday evening, May 19, at Roger Williams church; Friday evening, May 20, at Elmwood Ave. church, both of Providence; and the Sunday morning following, at Manchester, N. H., I took part in thank-offering services, finishing the tour with a visit to the May session of the Rockingham Association in Dover. I enjoyed it all—the meetings, the good fellowship, and the home life, including a stay in Mercy Home, Manchester, where our Miss Ella Hurd is doing such good work. I spent Sabbath, May 22, at Ocean Park, attending the thank-offering in Porter Memorial chapel; and Sabbath, May 29, at Bath, when the Corliss and North Street churches observed their annual offering; and went to the York Conference June 2 in company with the president of the W. M. S. of this conference, Mrs. Thomas.

I should like to say many things about this month's experiences, but I have only space for a brief summary of the impressions left with me. One is that the thank-offering is growing in favor, and that we are not only getting increasing financial help from it, but it is turning our thought away from dependence in the human to the divine. Over and over we need to repeat, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit." The kindly interest that pastors are taking in this

offering is very pleasing and, I trust, is appreciated. Another is that the social side, rather the friendly side, of our work is more emphasized; the social hour at the Providence churches will be long remembered by your treasurer. Again it was gratifying to note the interest that women of the Associations took in the business meetings, and the care with which the business was looked after. I enjoyed, too, talking about matters of mutual interest to men and women, and I have a strong impression that my words were kindly received. One well-known pastor expressed to me, personally, his interest in the joint committee idea, which is being worked out under direction of General Conference, and the hearty endorsement of the Woman's Missionary Society.

Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, president of the HELPER Branch of the International Sunshine Society, sends \$11, which we credit for one share in Miss Dawson's salary, the new superintendent of Sinclair Orphanage. This money has been raised by the India Fund in the HELPER Branch. The idea of having such a fund was suggested by Miss M. E. McGunigle of Portland, Me., and that each member give a stamp for a share in the salary of one of our missionaries, or a dime for a share in the support of a child. I wish enough, in the future, might be contributed to support a child, who might be called the Sunshine Child. We welcome new Cradle Rolls at Amesbury, Mass., Meredith, N. H., and Highland, Mich.

The month of May was full of omens of good in my work as treasurer. I wish there was space to make personal reference to auxiliaries, young people's societies, and individuals who helped in swelling the receipts to over \$1,000. Thank you, one and all. Maine and New Hampshire have especially contributed to this result. The thank-offerings are beginning to come in, and some, at least, are larger than they were last year. Our dear Miss Coombs has attended several of these services in New England, as have our president, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Mosher, and Rev. Mr. Hamlen. I should like to mention by name the offerings, varying in amount from \$15 to \$75, but it is quite probable that some of the smaller ones represent as generous giving in proportion to numbers as do the larger ones. I intend to itemize, in the MISSIONARY HELPER for August, the offerings by States, and to name the largest one. May this thank-offering—our fourteenth—be both a financial and spiritual blessing.

Ocean Park, Me.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

(All money orders should be made payable at Dover, N. H.)

THE very little things, the microscopical helpings, often seem most marvelous of all, when we consider that it was Jehovah himself who stooped to the tiny need of the moment.—*F. R. Havergal.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

TOPICS FOR 1904.

January—Outline Study of China :

1. A Self-centered Empire.

February—Prayer and Praise.

March— 2. The Religions of China.

April—Home Mission Work of Free Baptists.

May—Thank-Offering.

June— 3. The People of China.

July— 4. Christian Missions from Earliest Times.

August—Outing.

September 5. Christian Missions on the Threshold of the 20th Century.

October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.

November—Foreign Mission Work of Free Baptists.

December— 6. The Open Door of Opportunity.

AUGUST.—SUMMER SUNSHINE WORK.

If you take the time to comfort,
While you live the busy day,
You will find your own path brighter
And you light another's way.

Maybe some one's life is weary,
And your touch, like healing balm,
Soothes at times the troubled spirit,
Bringing needed rest and calm.

If you plan for future pleasure,
It may prove too late for some ;
In the sunshine of the present
Store the joy for days to come.

Stop to speak the cheering message,
Doing all that you can do,
And the great " God of all comfort "
Will his peace give unto you.

—Selected.

Suggestive Program.

Singing, " Scatter Sunshine."

Scripture reading, Psalm 100.

Recitation, " A Child's Sunshine Prayer."

HELPER Branch Annual Report.

Sketch of our Branch president. (See September, 1901, HELPER ; also editorial notes in this number.)

Reading, " Let Us All Help One Another."

A little talk by the president-general.

" Sunshine Day Nursery."

Brief paper, " Local Sunshine Work : What We Have Done and What We Might Do."

Prayer for our president, and for all Sunshine workers the world over.

Singing, " Pass Along a Word of Cheer."

NOTE.—The leader should call attention, at this meeting, to our subject of mission study for the coming year, " Dux Christus : An Outline Study of Japan."

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 232 Keap Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

Mrs. Anna L. Carll has sent ten cents for our Branch work, and requests that Miss Viola M. Browne of Norway, Me., be enrolled. Miss Browne gives as initiation dues ten cents, and will pass on *The Youth's Companion*; also write Sunshine letters.

Mrs. Lillie D. Grant has sent in names of Mrs. George McGregor and Mrs. Joseph Smith, both of Whitefield, N. H., each giving ten cents as initiation dues.

Miss E. J. Small has sent a package of beautiful pressed flowers mounted very neatly on white paper on which is written a helpful poem.

Mrs. George F. Babcock has given a number of good books which have been sent to one of our Western colleges.

Mrs. Leefe Damon has sent ten cents, and will assist in our Branch work.

Miss Eva F. Buker kindly gave a walking suit, in excellent condition, which was highly appreciated by the one who received it.

Mrs. G. F. Dodge is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. N. B. Cox, at Ashland, N. H.; as she is an active I. S. S. worker we are assured that she will cheer many during her country sojourn.

Mrs. F. W. Craft of St. John, N. B., is also cheering many by her kindly acts, and is passing on good literature regularly to members of our Branch.

Letters have been received from the following members: Mrs. F. H. Lawry of Kittery Point, Me., that she has been ill for a long time, also has had much sickness in her family; perhaps some one will send her a cheery note. Miss Vilo Sanders and Miss Rosina H. Palmer write that they are pleased to be enrolled in our society. Miss Ruby E. Moulton tells of many deeds of kindness done in the name of sunshine. Mrs. Lucy B. Whitman writes a cheerful letter although her life is clouded by much sickness. Mrs. Jennie E. Boucher, another invalid member, says that many in our Branch have cheered her by sending little greetings. Miss Frances I. Judd also writes that she has been greatly cheered by thoughtful I. S. S. friends during a recent bereavement.

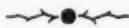
A few of the Vermont members, Mrs. George Gour, Mrs. James Lamond, Mrs. Fannie Fisher, Miss E. Gladys Grasset, Mrs. Eliza L. Grant, Mrs. Abbie M. Parker, and Mrs. Lillie D. Grant, surprised the president by sending what they called a "week of sunshine," a letter or little gift to be opened each day during the week.

Miss Winifred G. Hunter wishes to thank the Misses Clara and Ethel Folsom and Miss Edith Smith for greetings received.

"BLESSED Spirit, lift Thy standard,
Pour Thy grace and shed Thy light!
Lift the veil and loose the fetter,
Come with new and quickening might.
Make the desert places blossom,
Shower Thy sevenfold gifts abroad.
Make Thy servants wise and steadfast,
Valiant for the truth of God."

Practical Christian Living.

"Christianity is not a voice in the wilderness, but a life in the world. It is not an idea in the air, but feet on the ground going God's way."



OUR QUIET HOUR.

(10 A. M.)

THE quiet of a shadow-haunted pool,
Where light breaks through in glorious tenderness;
Where the tranced pilgrim in the shelter cool
Forgets the way's distress,—

Such is this hour, this silent hour with Thee!
The trouble of the restless heart is still,
And every swaying wish breathes reverently
The whisper of Thy will.

Father, our thoughts are rushing wildly on,
Tumultuous, clouded with their own vain strife;
Darkened by cares from our own planting grown;
We call the tumult life.

.
But oh! this hour of heavenly quietness,
When, as a lake that opens to the sky,
The soul, serene in its great blessedness,
Looks up to meet Thine eye!

Fountain of Life, in Thee alone is Light!
Shine through our being, cleansing us from sin,
Till we grow lucid with Thy Presence bright—
The peace of God within.

Yet nearer to our souls in blessing come!
O Thou Divine One, meet us as a Friend!
With Thee alone is every heart at home;
Stay with us to the end.

By the stream's windings let us with Thee talk
Of this strange earth-life Thou so well hast known;
In thy fresh foot-prints let us heavenward walk,
No more to grope alone!

If in our thoughts, by Thee made calm and clear,
The brightening image of Thy face we see,
What hour of all our lives can be so dear
As this still hour with Thee!

—Lucy Larcom.

A BLESSED TASK.

SUNSHINE-MAKING is a blessed task;
 Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide blue sky,
 Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
 Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.
 Put the golden sunshine in each day;
 Others need the cheer that comes through you—
 Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
 Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

—*Flowers of the Grasses.*

HELPER BRANCH, ANNUAL REPORT.

WE have over five hundred members banded together in the good cheer cause, and all untiring in their efforts to brighten the lives of others. Eighteen dollars was raised and given as a Sunshine gift to tide over a woman who had broken down in her work for others. Eleven dollars has been collected in what was named our India Fund, which has been sent to cheer those who live in far-away India. Money has also been given to help a shut-in member to purchase a wheel chair. The Sunshine Day Nursery has been assisted occasionally during the year. The above has been accomplished entirely by correspondence, as the membership is too scattered to permit of holding a meeting, since we have members in almost every State in the Union and some in foreign lands. We are proud of the fact that we have a college president and editor, two well-known poets and several ministers among our membership, also that three of our members are serving as international officers. We have observed our State and International days, and respectfully submit this report, hoping that we have been in our deeds, as well as name, the HELPER Branch.

MRS. RIVINGTON D. LORD, *President.*

232 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A LITTLE TALK BY THE PRESIDENT-GENERAL.

96 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, June 6, 1904.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE HELPER BRANCH OF THE I. S. S.:—

Through the *Bulletin* and the special reports, as well as through my own Welcome to those Sunshiners who could be present with us at our Annual, you will learn much of what is being done by our members all over the world, but there are one or two things that I should like to tell you of more fully. One is the Babies' Ice Fund, of which you know theoretically, but could you spend a day and night in New York, when the thermometer ranges from ninety to over one hundred degrees, even under fairly favorable conditions, you would perhaps have a faint conception of what helpless, ailing babies, worn and tired mothers, in

pent-up tenement houses, must suffer and endure, in the sultry, steaming, breathless atmosphere of a dingy, smoky city, where thousands of chimneys never cease of belch forth black smoke and cinders, and where heat and bad odors ascend from stone pavements; where the walls are as hot in summer as they are cold in winter, and where a roof-top or a skeleton iron fire-escape is a God-send to those who can reach them. It is for these tiny, suffering morsels of humanity and their would-be care-takers that our Ice Fund has been established, and already these June days give a foretaste of the weather, wilting, destructive, in which this branch of our work is so much needed.

One other topic I will touch upon to-day, and that is our *Sunshine Bulletin*. Most unexpectedly, in the midst of preparations for our Annual, I was obliged to assume full charge and responsibility of the magazine, and now I am not only editor, but publisher and owner as well. This change necessitates much extra care and work at Headquarters, which always resembles a beehive, and now I am asking all my Sunshine friends to aid me as much as possible by getting as many new subscribers as they can for us, as in this way they can help us much. The subscription rate has not been raised, but remains the same, fifty cents a year, and every fifty cents means just so much helpfulness here.

Faithfully yours in sunshine or shade,

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.

STATE SUNSHINE DAY NURSERY.

BY MRS. NELLIE E. C. FURMAN.

FAITH and earnest endeavor will gain the victory every time; and nowhere has this been more thoroughly proved than in the work of maintaining the State Sunshine Day Nursery, located at 272 Howard Avenue in Brooklyn. A few interested friends hired a very small cottage, and in October, 1902, opened the hospitable doors to the little tots of the neighborhood while their mothers were away at work. With wonderful rapidity, the Nursery grew and became such a popular home among the mothers, as well as their children, that during the first year over 4,000 children between three months and seven years of age were cared for, while many mothers were given practical help. A motherly matron is in charge, and the children love her so dearly that she is known among the families as "Mother McLean." Now mothers have such profound confidence in the Nursery, that the babies are left there, and some are only three weeks old when they are first brought in. The dormitory contains only white iron cribs with sanitary pads, hair pillows, and snowy coverlets. The Nursery opens at half past seven every morning, except Sundays and national holidays; and as soon as the children are brought in, they are given a bath and dressed in new clothing, if

their own is insufficient to keep them warm or comfortable ; over all is worn a checked slip of blue ; but on special occasions these are laid aside for the pretty pink and white ones that always fill the little hearts with a marked degree of pride. There are all sorts of toys in the one large room of the cottage, which has to be used as play room as well as reception room for the visitors that come almost daily ; and here the little ones play until nearly noon, when Mother McLean is frequently asked if dinner is not almost ready. If the sunshine babies could be seen as they are seated around their dining table, one would fully realize why the Sunshine Day Nursery is such a bright spot to these tiny folks ; for each represents a home of poverty, and many a home where morality has ebbed so low that the children know more of vice, drunkenness, and vulgarity than they do of truth and purity. After a dinner of good, wholesome food, heavy eyelids carry our little guests into happy dreamland. Each is as carefully looked after as if he or she were the only child in the sunny home, and here, by thoughtful care and kindness, each learns to know a rosy side of life that is never seen at home.

When this work was commenced, there had been a small sum of money given for the purpose, but it was soon used up in providing the necessary equipment ; and since then, the treasurer of the Board of Managers in charge has never been the recipient of a regular income with which to meet the expense of maintaining the work. Some of the cribs are endowed at \$2 a month, but this is inadequate to carry on the work. All last summer, when most of our friends were out of town enjoying the restfulness of country life, three noble women, only, were left to see that the Nursery and the children were not neglected. As the Nursery grows the expense increases ; yet with no definite sum to rely upon, these women worked, not knowing where the money to pay for the rent, the matron's salary, or that of the domestic, and the necessary provisions for the children were coming from. At the end of July, the bills amounted to \$70, while the treasury was almost depleted ; but they had faith in the work and were sure it would not fail if they did everything in their power to keep it alive. Unknown friends sent in small gifts, and these, with contributions from unexpected sources, tided the Nursery over for another month. August confronted the faithful workers with much the same dilemma, but again assistance came, and these women began to realize that whatever they undertook in simple faith for the improvement and comfort of the innocent children who are the victims of unhappy circumstances could not fail. With untiring efforts, they carried the Nursery through a trying summer ; and, with the assistance of other members of the Board of Managers, have continued the work through a harder winter until, with the spring, came the first real bright rays of assured help that have rewarded them after the trials and perplexities of the first year's growth.

New subscribers to the work have volunteered to give regular contributions for the maintenance of the Nursery, but even with these new helpers, the income will not cover the regular expense. At present, it costs between \$60 and \$70 a month, and as the Nursery is becoming better patronized every month, the Board is compelled to look for larger support. Many branches are coming to the rescue by making regular contributions, and as the Nursery is being managed in the name of the New York State Division of the Sunshine Society, it is hoped that out-of-town members and branches will not leave the burden of the work on the hearts and hands of a few Brooklyn people. Where is there a spot that needs a similar work of sunshine more than the locality in which our Nursery is situated? One dear little girl, not more than a baby, came to the Nursery one day, just about Christmas time, with a great lump on her neck. The matron at once consulted a physician, who drew a cupful of congealed blood from the injured part. Upon investigation, we found that the night before, a drunken uncle had amused himself by choking little Maggie until she was almost unconscious. To have some of the children brought in, in the morning, so stupefied with liquor that they cannot be aroused all day, is a common occurrence. Do you wonder that we ask if there is not need of extending and enlarging the influence of our Nursery until every so-called home of this neighborhood shall have come to know the sunshine of a pure, happy home? The progress of the work will not be stopped until it has completed its full mission if every one who hears of it will assume a small share of the burden of responsibility. Shall we go on with the work, or shall we limit it according to our present means? Our present house is too small for the work now being done, and we must have more room and a house better adapted to the requirements of a Nursery. We are now paying \$16 rent, all we can afford, and a larger house means more rent and the expense of moving. Where are we to get the extra money? More mouths to feed, means larger bills for provisions. How can we meet them? Each child is given a good supper before the mother calls for it to take it home, and often that mother, who has been washing or scrubbing all day, has only 75 cents for her day's work; and to help her, too, we send her home with a small supply of food for her supper. These little helps do not mean much to us, yet they have been so highly appreciated by these hard-working women that the Sunshine Day Nursery has become the brightest spot in all the world to them. When in trouble of any kind, they come to the Nursery; for they feel sure the needed clothing, food, or other necessities will be given them; and indeed they are never denied if they are found to be worthy. The fact that sunshine is not charity, gives them more confidence in the Nursery and gives us opportunity to get closer in touch with them and help them to become better and truer mothers.

Another summer is upon us, and the question arises, what shall we do with the children during the hot, trying days? One branch has already given sufficient money to charter a trolley car to take the children to the sea-shore for a day's outing, and provide them with a nice lunch. How they will enjoy their picnic; but this is only one day—what about all the other days of the heated season? It costs about \$7.50 to give the children a day at the beach, but we cannot take the money from our funds for fear there will not be sufficient to cover the regular expense of the Nursery. Those who saw the sunshine babies eat their Thanksgiving dinner, and also saw their joy over their Christmas tree, laden with the very things all children love, readily understand what these holiday features and outings mean to those who never have them unless through the thoughtfulness of others.

The State Sunshine Day Nursery was started by faith, and still has faith not only to look forward to an institution of which we can all be justly proud, but one that will be a monument of the influence of Sunshine. O that many hearts may be touched to help in this noble work of caring for these little ones! Will you help us to make this next year as full of sunshine for our little friends as the past one has been? Again we hear the old biblical cry, but this time it comes from the children of Brooklyn instead of from Macedonia, to come and help them. Shall we answer their cry?

TO THE "SHUT-INS."

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

DEAR sick and sorry ones, do not despair,
For 'tis to you God gives his tenderest care.
The shepherd, walking daily 'mongst his sheep,
Seeks out the weary sick ones, and doth keep
Them ever near him, so to guide and lead,
And give them of his comfort in their need.
Are you "too tired" to put your prayer in speech?
Be comforted, your Father you may reach
With just a thought, as with closed eyes you lie,
Waiting for pain, at last, to pass you by.
Just think your prayer, the Father knows it all,
And, bending low, he hears the silent call.
Do not despair, dear sick ones, doubt nor fear;
Just look for him, and lo! he is so near!

—Mary D. Brine.

OUR spiritual possibilities are measured by our spiritual resources, and our spiritual resources are measured by the limitless resources of the infinite God.—
Mrs. F. Howard Taylor.

Words from Home Workers.

OPEN LETTER.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE WEST:—Rev. Elizabeth Moody, our Western field missionary, has entered upon a new year of work. We bespeak for her a cordial welcome to our homes and our societies, and sympathy and co-operation in her plans, in order that the greatest possible good may be done. She can help us who do not often meet to get acquainted with each other, with the peculiar needs of our location, with the aims, plans, and successes of our general society. She will be a blessing and an inspiration to our work. Please remember our promise to raise one hundred dollars extra towards her salary. In sending money for this it should be designated for "the special one hundred." This has come with such a glad giving in the past, we look for the same response in the future.

M. A. W. BACHELDER, MRS. N. L. ABBEY, LUCY PHILLIPS DURGIN, ALICE M. METCALF,	}	<i>Western Com.</i>
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MAINE.—The Toilers-by-the-Sea, at Ocean Park, Me., held its thank-offering in Porter Memorial Hall, in the glad, sunshiny Sabbath afternoon of May 22. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Whitcomb graciously presided. The program in the April HELPER, with slight variations, was the program of the service. After the invocation, by Rev. L. W. Raymond, came the responsive readings, followed by an earnest prayer offered by Miss Knight. Mrs. Thomas of Saco then gave an interesting talk on children's work, illustrated by our wee "Light Bearer," Elsie Agnes Tasker, who in her winsome way presented her "dollie mite-box" containing fifty pennies. The address — or helpful talk, I like that better — was given by Miss DeMeritte, who, however busily engaged in carrying words of cheer to others, is never forgetful of the home friends. In closing she briefly referred to the loved workers, so closely connected with the interests of Ocean Park, who, during the past year, have been called home — Dr. Cheney, Mrs. Hayes, Rev. C. L. Pinkham, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Porter, and Prof. Cyrus Jordan. Master Carl Davis gathered, in the vine-entwined basket, an offering of \$35.47 which was consecrated in prayer by Mrs. Wade. In the silence which followed, a voice rang out in "Gloria Patri," and in the heart of the singer there was a greater sense of gratitude to God that this dear life, with its loving service and gentle ministrations, was still spared, than for all other mercies received. A tender solo by Mrs. Hilton, and "A Thanksgiving," brightly read by Miss Ruth Favor, followed. We were pleased to elect to life membership of the F. B. W. M. S. our president, Mrs. L. V. Jordan.

R. M. F. B.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—*Alcott.*

WOMEN'S WAYS OF EARNING MONEY. By Cynthia Westover Alden, President-General of the International Sunshine Society. A. S. Barnes & Company, publishers, New York. 278 pages. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 8 cents.

This is the first of a series of practical books on practical subjects, by the best authorities, entitled *The Woman's Home Library*, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. The later volumes will be, "The Mother's Manual," "Beauty Through Hygiene," "House and Home," "The Courtesies," and "Correct Writing and Speaking." No one could be better fitted to write the initial volume, "Women's Ways of Earning Money," than Mrs. Alden, with her wide and varied experience, her sunny outlook, and good common sense. "It is my firm belief," she writes, "that every woman not an invalid can earn her own living if she really wants to." Then she proceeds to tell just how. Mrs. Alden has no message for the woman who expects something for nothing, or is over fearful of doing work which might, unadvisedly, be called menial. But for the faithful, diligent woman who is not afraid of any kind of honest service, she gives definite suggestions, and describes with careful detail numerous ways in which women may enter the great world-market. "All that has been written," she says, "is the result of actual experience." The possibilities in art, journalism, and music are given, as well as in shops, factories, and house service; also ways of earning money at home. The book is well bound and printed; it will fulfill the purpose for which it was intended, and we are glad to speak a good word for it.

WOMAN'S DEBT TO CHRIST. Poem, by Leah Reuber Thieseneyer, in attractive booklet. Published by the General Literature Committee of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Evangelical Association, 265 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Price, 10 cents.

One of our auxiliary workers writes, "We found it [the last division of the poem] a splendid missionary recitation."

RECEIVED.—"Call to Prayer for Israel," by Rev. Thos. M. Chalmers. An impressive plea for prayer for the Jews, with many striking illustrations of the power of prayer from earliest times. Furnished by Miss Hattie B. Shepherd, Chase & Stewart Block, Titusville, Pa.

It has been suggested that the gift of the Holy Spirit and sanctified common-sense may be synonymous terms.—*Rev. Mr. Shaw.*

Our Juniors.

CHILD'S SUNSHINE PRAYER.

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all His wondrous ways.

—M. B. Edwards.

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

WHAT THE GIRLS SAID.

“WHAT do you suppose we’re going to do in our Band? Miss Mason thought of it, and we girls think it’s just lovely. Every one of us is going to be a flower. I’m Pansy, and Florence is Sweet Pea, and Lily and Rose, they’re just themselves, and Chrissie is Chrysanthemum, and Belle is Bluebell. We’re going to grow the flowers that belong to our names, and some others, of course, and sell button-hole bouquets and bouquets for vases, all we can, this summer. I think lots of folks would like to pay ten cents for bouquets all right for their tables, don’t you? Belle arranges flowers beautifully, and she’s head of the arranging committee.

“And by and by we’re going to have a flower show — the autumn flowers, you know, and plants all started for window gardens — and sell them for our

missionary money. Don't you think it's a nice plan, auntie? You see, we'll really earn our money, 'cause it's lots of work to take care of flowers, and water them, and all.

"The boys won't do it. Boys are so queer! They say they don't want to have flower names, they'd rather have a secret society. Belle said, 'How are you going to get your money?' and Frank Foster said, 'Never you mind! We'll have it all right, when the time comes.' I do wish I knew what they're going to do. I s'pect Miss Mason knows, 'cause they've been talking with her when they thought we didn't see. Well, anyhow, we'll have a good time."

WHAT THE BOYS SAID.

"Who wants to be called Bachelor's Button or Honeysuckle! That will do for girls—they're queer, anyway, and it kind of fits them. But we don't want it, Miss Mason."

Miss Mason was a wise woman. She knew a plan that the boys would like, and was ready to tell them about it. And so it came to pass that the boys were quite as busy as the girls through the beautiful summer days, but they kept their secret so well that not one of the girls guessed it at all. And they chattered quite as merrily as the girls when the time came to arrange things for the missionary sale.

"See here, Phil," called Harry Wendell, "help me polish up my potatoes and I'll help you on your parsnips. Every one's got to be so clean it won't know itself. See this placard that my father wrote for me:—

"I'm a Missionary Potato. Pay five cents and take me home."

"And here's mine — my big brother fixed it:—

"Many a snip of time and patience
We have cost our owner here.
Now as [pa] snips won't you buy us?
We will bring you lots of cheer!"

"What's Will doing?"

"Something or other with his corn, I s'pose. Oh, Will, what are these cunning little ears?"

"Pop corn, of course! Don't you know pop corn? See, I'm going to have a long string of it after it's popped, caught all along here, so folks as stupid as you won't have to ask questions."

"Thank you! I hope you 'know beans' when you see them," was the merry reply from Harold James, the proud possessor of several quarts of beans as the result of his summer's work.

Flowers or vegetables — neither were best — and both were love tokens for Jesus.—*A. M. G., in Children's Home Missions.*

AFTER a morning spent with a Chinese woman she interrupted my gospel message with the questions: "Is your mother-in-law living?" "No," I answered. "Does your husband get drunk?" "No." "Does he smoke opium?" "No." "Does he beat you?" "No," I replied, "he has never struck me a blow." It took her several minutes to become convinced of this astonishing fact, and then she turned to me, saying impressively: "You have been talking to me of heaven and hell in the life to come. Your life now and mine are as heaven and hell."—*Missionary Tidings.*

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for May, 1904.

MAINE.		
Auburn Court St. ch.	\$10.00	
Bangor Essex St. aux. for Miss Coombs's salary	4.00	
Dexter aux. by T. O. \$6.25 dues \$3.25	9.50	
(The \$6.25 on L. M. in Gen. Soc. Mrs. Amanda Elder.)		
Dover J. C. E. Soc. for Miss Barnes	2.00	
E. Dixfield \$1 from G. I. Holman \$1.20 from H. A. Whittemore for F. M.	2.20	
E. Livermore W. M. S. \$7.20 T. O. to be used on bal. L. M. of Miss Edith J. Record \$1.70 dues for Miss Coombs's salary	8.90	
E. Waterboro by Miss Emma R. Dolley and Cora E. Dolley	5.00	
Greene T. O.	5.30	
Greene aux. Miss Coombs	2.43	
Georgetown aux. by T. O. and L. M. in Gen. Soc. of Mrs. Jennie C. Toby	26.80	
Lewiston Main St. aux. for Miss Coombs	12.00	
Lewiston Main St. aux. T. O. \$14.48 of same to be used to complete L. M. in Gen. Soc. of Mrs. Amelia D. Chapman and balance \$8.52 on L. M. in Gen. Soc. of Miss Ellen Millett	23.00	
Oakland F. B. S. S.	4.35	
Ocean Park "Toilers-by-the-Sea" T. O. \$34.96 C. R. 50 cts. of this \$1 for Storer College \$20 constitutes Mrs. Linda V. Jordan life member	35.46	
Pittsfield aux. for "Nettie" \$6.25 by dues for gen. work \$31	39.25	
Portland aux. by T. O. \$1 for Nevada S. O. \$18.50 on L. M. in Gen. Soc. of Mrs. L. M. Webb	18.50	
Portland aux. by Whatsoever Circle of King's Daughters for Wyona S. O.	12.00	
Portland aux. by Mrs. L. E. Bolton for Wyona S. O. and on L. M. in Gen. Soc. of Miss Cora E. Edgerly	13.00	
Portland aux. by Miss Deering's S. S. class for Nevada and on L. M. fee of Miss H. Deering	3.90	
Portland aux. for Dom. Science Storer College \$16.00		
Saco aux. \$35.05 T. O. for Miss Coombs's salary and L. M. in Gen. Soc. Mrs. Mary W. Thomas	20.00	
Saco aux. Dom. Science Storer and L. M. in Gen. Soc. Mrs. Katherine Hodgdon	20.00	
Steep Falls aux. by T. O. \$8.50 by dues 75 cents	9.25	
(\$6.25 to be used for Mary Wingate S. O. \$3 for Storer the \$8.50 to be used on L. M. Gen. Soc. Mrs. Jennie C. Marshall.)		
Scarboro aux. for Balasore work	3.00	
Scarboro Young Missionary Helpers for Miss Barnes	4.00	
Topsham aux. for Priscilla Purinton S. O.	15.00	
W. Falmouth aux. by T. O. \$21.75 of this \$2 was a special T. O. for Dom. Science Storer by aux. dues for Miss Coombs \$1	22.75	
West Falmouth Helping Hands for Miss Barnes	4.00	
W. Buxton aux. for Miss Coombs's salary	3.50	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
Bristol aux. for adopted child in India	6.25	
Carroll F. B. ch. T. O.	1.20	
Dover H. H. and F. M. Soc. T. O.	45.43	
Epsom T. O.	25.24	
Gilmanton I. W. T. O. Miss Butts	5.00	
Gonic Juniors Miss Barnes	4.60	
Manchester aux. dues	1.75	
Manchester T. O. to finish L. M. Mrs. Ellen Arvilla Merrill	7.92	
Manchester T. O. to begin L. M. Miss F. L. Sanborn	7.89	
Meredith C. R.	1.51	
Milton Mills W. M. S. T. O. \$75.25 and remainder annual dues	91.00	
New Hampton aux. Storer College	5.00	
New Hampton aux. T. O.	11.16	
No. Woodstock	6.00	
Pittsfield T. O.	20.00	
Pittsfield Y. P. M. S. for Balasore school	18.75	

Pittsfield aux. dues	\$3.00
Sandwich Asso. coll.	3.00
Somersworth aux. Bessie Peckham school	8.00
Strafford Corner Abbie L. Phillips on dues	1.00
Walnut Grove from a Little One T. O.	1.00
Waterloo Mrs. Leonard Stewart	1.00
Wentworth Ladies Mite Soc.	6.18
Wentworth Ladies Mite Soc. T. O.	1.40
Whitefield T. O. for Miss Butts	10.00
Whitefield mem. dues Miss Butts	10.00

VERMONT.

No. Danville ch. Dr. Smith	7.00
W. Charleston aux. Dr. Smith	8.00
W. Derby aux. Dr. Smith	3.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury aux. \$1.50 C. R. 90 cts.	2.40
Boston Mrs. Mary E. Freeman dues two years	2.00
Haverhill aux. a friend	3.00
Lowell Chelmsford St. C. R.	3.50
Lowell Mrs. E. S. Cole Paige St. ch. \$1 dues \$1 T. O.	2.00
Lowell Chelmsford St. aux. for native teacher	6.25
Lowell Chelmsford St. primary dept. Miss Barnes	4.00
Lynn High St. native teacher	6.25
Mrs. H. Lockhart's dues	1.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Arlington aux. T. O. Miss Phillips	5.00
Arlington aux. T. O. Ind.	6.28
Pawtucket 1st F. B. ch. Jun. C. E. for kindergarten work in India	10.00
Providence Elmwood Ave. Y. P. S. C. E. for child S. O.	6.25
Providence Elmwood Ave. aux. Miss Phillips	6.50
Providence Elmwood Ave. aux. Ind.	6.50
Providence Elmwood Ave. aux. Bible woman	25.00
Providence Roger Wms. Juniors Miss Phillips	12.50
Providence Rog. Wms. Juniors C. E. Ind.	12.50
Providence Rog. Wms. Y. P. S. C. E. for kindergarten work	18.75

CONNECTICUT.

Durham Mrs. C. P. Griffin T. O.	5.00
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OHIO.

Ashtabula Mrs. Brabst \$1 F. M. Mrs. L. L. Dodge \$1 F. M.	2.00
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INDIANA.

Badger W. M. S. for zenana teacher Rutnie Sing.	15.00
Badger primary and infant classes Miss Barnes	1.25

MICHIGAN.

Alganssee aux. Dr. Bachelor \$1.25 H. M. \$1.25	2.50
Alganssee T. O. Dr. B.	7.75
Batavia aux. Dr. B.	4.92
Batavia W. M. S. T. O.	9.00

Green Oak aux. Dr. B. \$1.62 H. M. \$1.63	\$3.25
Hillsdale Q. M. W. M. S. Dr. B. \$31.25 H. M. \$5.46	36.71
Highland L. L. Bearers S. O.	2.10
Mason Miss. Band one share Miss Barnes's salary	4.00
Mason aux. Dom. Sci. teacher Storer	2.50
Mason aux. T. O.	7.14
Oakland Q. M. W. M. S. Dr. B. 37 cts. H. M. 38 cts.75
Onsted Mrs. Ruth Daniels for Miss Barnes	4.00
Ortonville aux. Dr. B. \$9 H. M. \$9	18.00

MINNESOTA.

Brainard W. M. S. 1-2 F. M. 1-2 H. M.	10.00
Champlin aux. T. O.	4.80
Huntley aux. T. O. on L. M. of Mrs. Hattie Hatch	9.48
Minneapolis W. M. S. F. M.	15.00
Minneapolis W. M. S. Western work	5.00
Verona F. B. aux. T. O.	5.00

IOWA.

Cedar Valley Q. M. Miss Scott	3.85
Farmington aux. Miss Scott	1.75
Little Cedar Miss Scott	6.00
Mt. Zion aux. Miss Scott	1.20
Mt. Zion Junior Mite Boxes Miss Barnes	2.11
Mt. Zion C. R.30
Mt. Zion T. O. Miss Scott25
Rutland Miss Scott	6.73
Spencer W. M. S. T. O. Miss Scott	35.10
Six Mile Grove aux. Miss Scott	7.50

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles Mrs. L. J. Padcont \$2 for Bible woman \$1 T. O.	3.00
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NEW BRUNSWICK.

St. John West Mrs. Sarah Shepard T. O.	1.00
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Int. for Inc. Fund	12.64
Income of Hanson Fund \$13.75 S. O. \$8.25 Storer College	22.00
For F. M.	1.00
India Fund of HELPER Branch of Sunshine Society Mrs. R. D. Lord president for one share Miss Dawson's salary	11.00

Total \$1,266.03

NOTE.—By personal contribution Mr. Charles Milliken of Augusta, Me., has become L. M.; by contributions of aux., Manchester, N. H., Mrs. Julia Turner Mitchell of Manchester; by contributions of aux., Northwood Ridge, N. H., Mrs. J. A. Wiggins now of Newmarket, N. H.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.